

Mayor Walker of Delhi

By BIDE DUDLEY
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HIS ANTI-GAMBLING ADDRESS IN HARLEM FAILS TO CONVINCE.

Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker of Delhi, Tex., made another unsuccessful attempt to address the Harlem Home Society at Forward Hall last night. The meeting ended in a small riot, brought on by interruptions while the Texas reformer was speaking. The Rev. Hopkinson Beverly Betts, President of the Society, had asked Mayor Walker to talk on "The Evils of Card Playing."

When the Mayor reached the hall, accompanied by his Texas companion, Constable Pelee Brown of Delhi, the place was crowded. President Betts took Mr. Walker to the rostrum and introduced him as the shining light of Texas righteousness. When the applause had subsided the speaker took up his subject energetically.

"Card playing is all wrong," he said. "Down in Texas any one who indulges in it is ostracized."

"We looked that word up in Webster's," said a voice coming from the center of the hall.

Everybody's gaze was on Constable Brown immediately. The Mayor, realizing that the Constable was in a talkative mood, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, that interruption came from my old friend from Texas, Constable Pelee Brown. I knew what the word meant, but he didn't. He looked it up to satisfy his own curiosity. Mr. Brown is suffering with a toothache. Down the street I bought him a bottle of whiskey and told him to fill the tooth—a hollow one—with the liquor, and thus stop the pain."

"Guess the tooth must have leaked," said a man in the rear of the hall.

"Now, as I was saying about card-playing," the Mayor continued, "it is abhorrent and—"

"Webster give us that one too," said Constable Brown.

"How many hollow teeth did you say he had?" asked the voice coming from the rear.

The Mayor was vexed. "You two gentlemen will kindly permit me to proceed," he said. "Now, as to card-playing, you may not believe it, but I have never touched a card. I don't even know Old Maid."

"And you don't want to know any old maids, either," said Constable Brown. "That ain't what we come here for."

"Have another toothful, brother!" said the man in the rear.

"You have a wrong impression, my friend," said the Mayor, addressing the man who had offered the comment. "The Constable is not a drinker. He is merely unfortunate to-night. It is too hot for him here. Evidently a portion of the liquor has trickled down his throat. He never really drank a drop of liquor in his life. Now, as I was saying about card-playing, one day as I was passing through the corridor of Delhi's chief hotel I saw four men from Brooklyn playing bridge in parlor A. I was horrified and—"

"Playing Brooklyn Bridge, eh?" said the man in the rear.

"Yes, or rather—no. Kindly refrain from interrupting me," said the Mayor firmly. "I immediately ordered Constable Brown to arrest them."

"N they got all my money at draw," said the Constable.

"Pay no attention to him, friends," said Mayor Walker. "That is the way I handle gamblers in Delhi. As I intimated before, I have never had a card in my hand."

At this point the Mayor took a drink of water from a glass on a table nearby and then pulled his handkerchief from his side pocket to mop his brow. With the handkerchief came a deck of cards which flew all over the stage. Miraculously of course, the Mayor was furious.

"Some one has tricked me," he said. "These cards were put in my pocket to embarrass me."

"What's a trump?" asked the man in the rear.

It was the last straw. Mayor Walker ordered Constable Brown to take the fellow out. A fight followed in which the Constable was knocked down four times, but he subdued his man and got him to the street by passing him something that looked like a bottle. Outside Policeman Gilliboley got into the fray and arrested Brown, taking him to the station house, where he placed a charge of forgery against the Delhi man. Mayor Walker got Brown out on bail. The affair broke up the meeting and set the entire membership of the Society to talking.

There is much indignation.

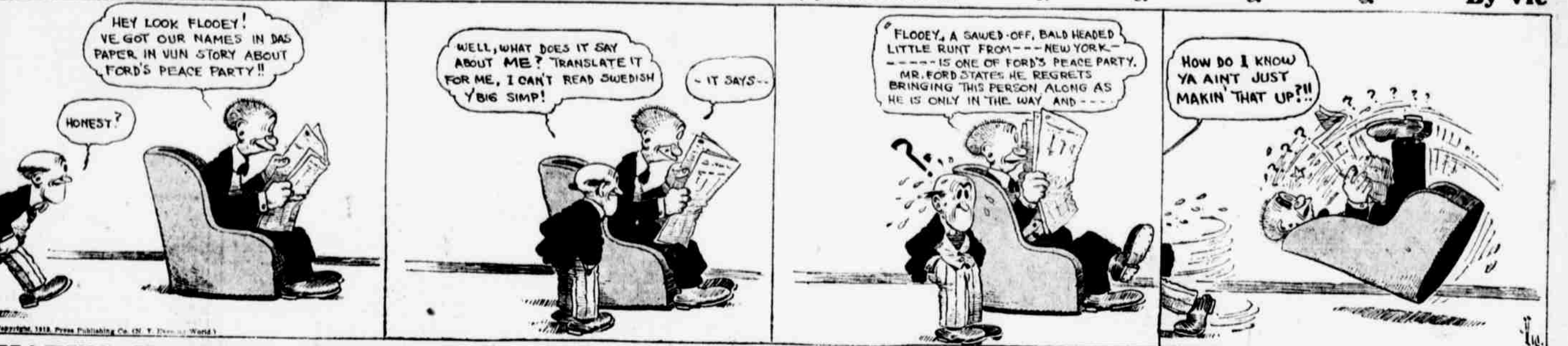
THEY GO ALSO.

EPISODE 441445

"S'MATTER, POP?"



FLOOEY AND AXEL—And, Anyhow, Axel Seemed to Be Getting Too Much Enjoyment Out of It!



MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—We Have an Idea the Kid From Upstairs Will Return With Another Message!



Life Lyrics

BY HAZEN CONKLIN



HERE'S Uncle George Peters and Aunt Susan Hall and a family of cousins named Tripp. Who knew Jones was living, but that's about all, when he was in poverty's grip. They snubbed him and never would call, write or phone, for fear that poor Jonesy might ask for a loan.

Now Uncle George Peters and Aunt Susan Hall and the family of cousins named Tripp. Palaver, fawning and honeying, all have Jonesy held fast in their grip. On Jonesy's band wagon they're begging for rides since he's made a million by playing "war brides!"

SPECIAL NOTICE

To All Who Have Colored "Mother Goose Fairy Books" in Competition for the Five Dollar Awards.

The last page is printed to-day. On it you will find a place provided for your signature, age, address, school and class. Every space must bear the information requested.

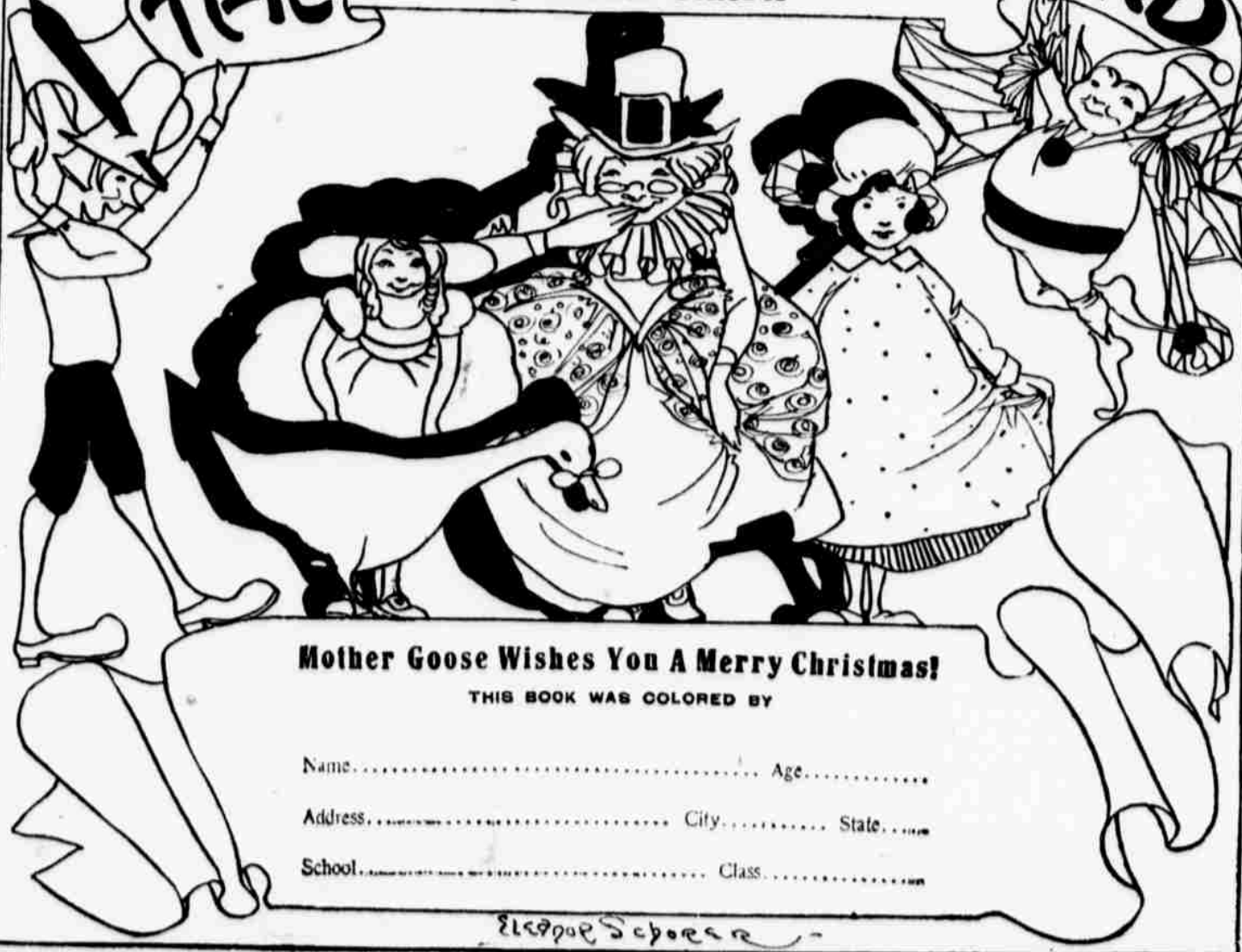
Your book must contain every page published from cover to end and each page must be colored, and by you. It must be received not later than TUESDAY, DEC. 21. Address it to "Mother Goose Editor," Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City.

All the "Mother Goose Fairy Books" received in the contest that have been nicely and carefully colored will be distributed by THE EVENING WORLD as CHRISTMAS GIFTS among the children in the hospitals in Greater New York.

Announcement of the three award winners will be made next week on this page of THE EVENING WORLD.

THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

By Eleanor Schorer



Mother Goose Wishes You A Merry Christmas!

THIS BOOK WAS COLORED BY

Name..... Age.....

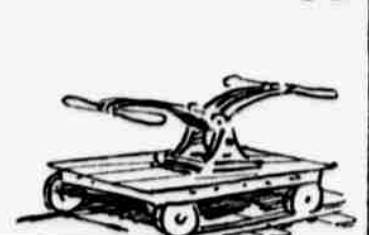
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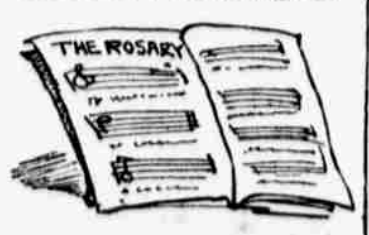
EVENING WORLD PUZZLES

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WHAT CAPITAL CITY IS THIS?

THREE-SEVENTHS OF



THREE-FOURTHS OF



TWO-FIFTHS OF



ONE THIRD OF



Arrange together the indicated fractions of the words the pictures represent until the letters spell the name of the capital city.

The city in Thursday's puzzle was LINCOLN, capital of Nebraska. Three-fifths of "links," LIN; one-fourth of cage, C; two-sevenths of "parade," PAR; one-third of "net," N. The name of to-day's capital city and another puzzle will be printed in The Evening World next Tuesday.

What's in a Name?

At a fancy dress ball for children a policeman stationed at the door was instructed not to admit any adult.

An excited woman came running up to the door and demanded admission. "I'm sorry, mum," replied the policeman, "but I can't let any one in but children."

"But my child is dressed as a butterfly," exclaimed the woman, "and has forgotten her wings."

"Can't help it," replied the policeman; "orders is orders; you'll have to let her go as a caterpillar."—Liverpool Mercury.

